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MEMORIAL EXERCISES AT MECHANICS' PAVILION, SAN FRANCISCO,
SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, A.D. 1885

Order of Exercises.

- | | | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|---|---------------------------------|
| 1 | Voluntary, | - | - | - | BY THE BAND |
| 2 | Prayer, | - | - | - | REV. ROBERT MACKENZIE |
| 3 | Hymn, "Rock of Ages," | - | - | - | CHORUS AND AUDIENCE |
| 4 | Scriptural Reading, | - | - | - | REV. WM. M. KINCAID |
| 5 | Hymn, "Sleep Thy Last Sleep," | - | - | - | CHORUS |
| 6 | Scriptural Reading, | - | - | - | REV. R. C. FOUTE |
| 7 | Prayer, | - | - | - | REV. T. K. NOBLE |
| 8 | Hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," | - | - | - | CHORUS AND AUDIENCE |
| 9 | Address, | - | - | - | REV. BISHOP C. H. FOWLER, D. D. |
| 10 | Requiem Anthem, "Blessed are the Dead," | - | - | - | CHORUS |
| 11 | Benediction, | - | - | - | REV. ELKAN COHN, RABBI |

Rock of Ages.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee :
Let the water and the blood;
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
2. Not the labor of my hands,
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

1. Sleep thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow,
Rest, where none weep,
Till th' eternal morrow ;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.
2. Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness,
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness ;
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.
3. Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest !
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping. Amen.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee ;
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
2. Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, My God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto Heaven ;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

BLESSED are the dead, which die in the Lord ; from henceforth forever they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

Executive Committee.

HON. WASHINGTON BARTLETT,

HON. HENRY L. DODGE, COL. STUART TAYLOR, IRVING M. SCOTT, ESQ.,

HON. A. J. BRYANT, CLAUD SPRECKELS, ESQ., JAS. B. STETSON, ESQ.,

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HON. CHAS. CLAYTON, CAPT. W. L. DUNCAN, HON. W. B. FARWELL,
P. B. CORNWALL, ESQ.

MAJ. WALTER H. HOLMES,

Master of Ceremonies.

Syracuse, N.
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